

# RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

TERMS: Free to the OUTCAST: To the Able and Willing, 50 Cts. a Year, in Advance.

VOL. 1, NO. 9. **MONTHLY** JANUARY, 1860.

B. J. BUTTS AND H. N. GREENE, EDITORS, HOPEDALE, MILFORD, MASS.

## Stories, and Voices to Youth.

### The Neighbor-in-Law.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good-nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather. "She has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever had, borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features, and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty, many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover, whom she had too much good sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if he were chased by the East wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, 'as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humored smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless child-hood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; and it must be confessed that you carry it wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny has a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of any one else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue call her the neighbor-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy, was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in the rear, and

one common space for a garden in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation, she called on the neighbor-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbor should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street; I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; it is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressive temperament, for good or evil. "Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose-color subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered, "Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of, "mind how you do that, if you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words, "There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Whv, what a nice handy little girl you are!" Under this enticing influence, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeably than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head, and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has. It is like the birds in the fields. By and by you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, carolling. The happy child tuned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands.

When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she has behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty; if I had heard

— TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM. —

any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt, since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether the new neighbor would want her service again during the day. Her desire that it should be so, soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her own motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier line of her neighbor's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow it about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence. It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, unintentionally, heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then stepped out into the court, and after arranging divers little matters, she called aloud to her domestic, "Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Didn't I tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray make haste and sweep it up. I would not have her see it on any account. I told her I would try to keep everything nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have tidy neighbors." The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out with brush and dust-pan, and swept quietly away the pile, that was intended as a declaration of border war.

But another source of annoyance presented itself, which could not so easily be disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean scraggy animal, that looked as if she was often kicked than fed; and Mrs. Fairweather had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to poor poverty stricken Tab, the first time he saw her; and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behavior in his neighborly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of doors without being saluted with a growl, and a sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house, with her fur all on end.

Aunt Hetty vowed she would scold him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbors' cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavored to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink sturdily resolved he would be scolded first; that he would. He could not have been more obstinate in his opposition, if he and Tab had belonged to different sects in Christianity. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head, and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free will, he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam engine.

On one of these occasions, she rushed into her neighbor's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog; see if I don't; and I shan't wait long, either, I can tell you. What you keep such an impudent little beast for I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbors."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny; "What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

"I didn't think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so, that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbor Turnpenny it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighborhood. I am attached to poor little Pink, because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarrelling with the cat; but if he won't be neighborly, I will send him out in the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly; and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her, if I didn't keep a switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor told me fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is the most economical. But neighbor Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie.

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are a master woman for stopping a quarrel."

That same afternoon, the sunshiny dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy sewing, as usual, with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem, on business," said she; "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a pleasuring, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbor; "but I think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched the soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbor was certainly one of the good fairies she read about in the picture books.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher, in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant time; and when winter came, she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she; "and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation: for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick, it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased, that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless me, how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When Spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbor. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point; but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neighbor Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? At another time she would say, "Well, really my ground is too full. Here is a root of Lady's-delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. I love it. It is such a bright good-natured little thing." Thus by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded by flowers; and she even declared, of her own accord, that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw on Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing at her work, as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here," said Mrs. Lane. "And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the neighborhood?"

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it was never thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you, that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness, there is."

From this gospel of joy preached and practised, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malignant influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded and blossomed, in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness.

phere of cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music-teacher, thought her more than almost handsome; for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others, and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage on her wedding-day, she threw her arms round the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said, "Ah, thou dear good Aunt, it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather."

PRECOCIOUS. A "young lady" of seven, the other day, upon hearing the passage of Scripture, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," anxiously inquired of her mother "if that meant aunt Susan?"—said aunt Susan being a maiden lady of "uncertain age." She appeared much relieved when told that the passage referred to an insect, and that it was not in the habit of living a "single life."

THE PHONETIC ALPHABET consists of the common alphabet excepting x, c, and q, together with the following new letters, whose sounds are denoted by the italics below them:

Ee	Ey	Ba	Aa	Aq	Oo	Oo	Oa	Uu
ee	earl	ale	air	art	all	ode	ooc	a-pe whoop
Hj	Or	Ss	Lk	Ec	Ht	Ad	Xj	Xj
ice	oil	our	dupe	cheat	thin	the	the	vision ring

"Don't y<sup>o</sup> t<sup>h</sup>ipk," sed a bruder loyer tu juv Underwud, "dat Jim Person iz de gratest l<sup>o</sup>ar ov a loyer dat ever y<sup>o</sup> so."

"I sed be sori tu sa dat ov bruder Person," replid de juv; "but he iz sertenli mor ekonoomikal ov trau dan eni uder loyer on de s<sup>o</sup>rk it!"

An frif soljer, ho woz bastig ov hiz grat kuraj, woz askt hwj he ran awa in battl.

"Fat," sez Pat, "mi h<sup>o</sup>rt iz b<sup>o</sup>id az a l<sup>o</sup>on—so it iz: but i h<sup>o</sup>pn tu hav a ksarilli par ov legz, hwic ol waz run awa wid mi bodi, hwen i'd be after de inini, bad luk tu dem!"

A f<sup>o</sup>rman, if hez got a konfens, and delits in hiz wurk, wil do hiz biznes awz wel az if he wer a partner. It wud not giv a peni for a man ho wud driv a n<sup>o</sup>l in slak bekoz he dont get ekstra pa for it.

He Irrepresib<sup>l</sup> Teror.—He Boston Advertizer sugestis dat de ks at Carlizton Va., woz kild bi de sentri bekoz fe had to p<sup>o</sup>der hornz on her h<sup>o</sup>l, and bekoz fe had bin tal b<sup>o</sup>rn amup de negroz.

It kus wun sadli tu se de gref ol old pepl: da hav no w<sup>o</sup> ov wurkip it of; and de m<sup>u</sup> sprig bri<sup>z</sup> no m<sup>u</sup> f<sup>o</sup>ts st on de wid<sup>o</sup>l<sup>o</sup>l tre.

Y<sup>o</sup> must mak it kwit kler tu yar mind hwig y<sup>o</sup> q<sup>o</sup> most bent upon—p<sup>o</sup>q<sup>u</sup> qlariti or y<sup>o</sup>asfulness—els y<sup>o</sup> ma haj n tu mis boi.

It iz eksed y<sup>h</sup>l bad huzbandri tu haro up de felips ov yar wif.

To inherit property is not to be born, but to be STILL born.—THOREAU.

## Radical Spiritualist.

No Union with Warriors!

HOPEDALE, MASS., JANUARY 1, 1860.

### The Harper's Ferry Insurrection.

The following Lecture was given at the Brick Church, Milford, Mass., through Miss Fannie Davis, trance medium, Nov. 20, '59. It was phonographically reported by Miss Lizzie Humphrey, of Hopedale.

Our subject to-day is the great Harper's Ferry Insurrection. To some of you this may seem to be an unfitting theme for Sabbath contemplation. But with us, every question which is of interest to mankind is sacred in itself. Every event, either of private or public life, is woven into the grand destiny of nations—is a resting place for thought, and is of importance.

The pulpit and the press have been rife with denunciation, and with wonder; with anathemas, and with praises respecting John Brown; yet few have felt the kindling flames of that ambition—that individual power, and love of freedom that burned, and burns to-day, on the heart's shrine of that noble martyr! It is not for us to scan the depths of that great mind, or measure the motives which prompted to the fatal adventure. It is not for you, or for us, as humanitarians, the children of the same Father, the spirits of his universe, to deal our anathemas against John Brown—*while the spirit of the age outlaws him*—as it does the aspirations of the keenly sensitive nature of oppressed woman. It is not for us, in such an age, to say that he is not a noble man to engage in a struggle which incarcerated him in a Virginia prison. We can look upon an adventure of that kind only with admiration. It matters not what our principles are; though they are for the strictest peace; we must admire him, and feel that he is truly a great martyr to the holy cause of Freedom.

Is there a person here, realizing the horrors of the infamous pit of American slavery, who has not felt, at times, that he, too, would gladly go forth, as John Brown has done, struggling as he has struggled for the emancipation of the slave? We have all felt that there was no martyrdom too great for us to accept, if it would only bring the boon of freedom, justice and equal rights to the suffering bondman.

What has ever been the cause of Freedom's struggles? Trace them back from effect to source. They rest with God, who raises up great Evangelists to plan out great enterprises and work out sublime results. A great mill-stone has been cast into the surging waves of Republicanism in America, and where will end the increasing circles? Only at the footstool of Deity—only where every child of humanity, oppressed and crushed, claims its liberty, its right to think, to read, to act; its right to be a man. We look upon John Brown as a savior—one whose great soul was willing to live and die for Freedom. "We can feel the pulsant ones" that soul this day in the Spirit-world; glad bands of angels, Freedom's bright martyrs, wait to grasp the spirit-hand of

John Brown, and lead him to that heaven where freedom is the very leath and atmosphere.

It is well for us to feel, at this time, the pride of patriotism, and to utter truth against a government so infamous as yours,—a government which crushes and enslaves four millions of its people. If God was a revengeful God, would not this country have been visited, ere this, with sorrows and calamities which would have eaten out the Great Cancer? But now let John Brown die, says the world; but John Brown shall LIVE! We may starve and kill the bodies of the nobly endowed of earth, but their spirits, immortal, will rise above the flame or gibbet, and still carry forward the great works which inspired them in the earth life. God gave to the hero of Harper's Ferry a great heart, and an unflinching hand, and when the hour came, he struck a mighty blow on the anvil of Freedom! The deed has crossed the ocean! It glows in the hearts of all true American men and women, and will never die. It will go down to future generations, the pride, joy, and admiration of unborn ages.

Every event in the annals of Freedom moves onward the car of progress, and lifts man up through never foreseen—through the awakened sympathies of his nature—into higher and nobler relations, and diviner communion. Look at our forefathers; see the privations they endured for liberty; but where is their spirit? You need a mighty earthquake, sent from Almighty God to shake the system of American slavery, in order to awaken you from your dreamy slumber. All sensible men feel that slavery is a curse; but few are the John Browns who feel that *they* have anything personally to do in overturning it. They let the world move on in its great crimes. Four millions of slaves lie prostrate beneath the foot of the tyrant; yet you remain unmoved; you are the greater slaves; for as long as the colored man is in bondage, so long every man at the North is not only a slaveholder but a slave. Even the master himself is the worse slave.

Your Constitution is a compact with slavery, and you are in compact with it. You are led captive by it, and the long nightmare of the age passes as a dream, and you never wake, perhaps, until you awake in the immortal world—where there are no slaves, and where freedom and justice reign supreme.

What have you done in the past, but injustice to our red brethren. You have taken his fishing and hunting grounds, and plowed up the soil where his fathers slept. To-day they move an almost forgotten race, along the disks of your forest-girt mountains. *Is that justice, liberty and equality?* Behold, *their* wrongs and sorrows will one day roll back upon you! . . . You have robbed others of their rights, but you are starving—destitute of the real bread of life—Freedom and true Republicanism. Consequently there are "wars and rumors of wars." For you cannot crush out the love of freedom; you may tread on it with the heel of despotism; but it will rise up in your midst, and take possession of what you never rightfully owned.

Did you suppose the slaves were always to remain in bondage? Let them once aspire to freedom—let them once behold the light—and where is the power to stay the mighty revolution? You *could* not enslave the Indians! They were Na ure's freemen. They would rather die than be made slaves. Though it is not so with the black man, who is more easily enslaved, he will yet rise and claim his "inalienable rights." It is the

'Nothing is farther than earth from heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.'

glorious ultimate of every human soul; and it seems strange to us that you cannot realize that progress, in its deep and holy significance, applies to him as well as to you.

We believe that Spirit-communion is going to equalize America. It is not to stop with "table-tippings," or trance mediumships. It is to become the mightiest freedom-revelation of the world! The present manifestations are but a John the Baptist to the coming Messiah. No man—no angel can tell how far their voice may extend, or what deep and silent inspirations from the Spirit Land have helped to carry out the objects of freedom and the mission of such as John Brown. Who of you can tell what power sustains the inspired soul of Wm. L. Garrison, and others, in the utterance of truth?—These are God's ministers—the world's teachers—freedom's inspired apostles

The Second of December! When that morning rises on the world—when the day-god rolls out his golden chariot, and John Brown is led forth to execution, where will be the spirits Mercy, Justice, Freedom?—They will veil their faces, while the mockers of religion and free government will seem triumphant; and until that tragedy is over they will visit earth no more! He will be executed in the name of God and in the name of Revelation! Do you suppose God regards it? He never listens to such mockery! . . . All criminals are punished in the name of God. No wonder that the masses of the people do not venerate sacred things; for when MAN is treated with derision, what is there left to revere? The wonder is, that you have not fallen into deeper darkness and skepticism.

We are glad to take home the spirit of John Brown; we do not think the world can appreciate him; the sons who have fallen by his side will here be united with him.

We do not wish you to think that John Brown has done the *best* thing; . . . we believe that the highest and noblest principle that man can follow is NON-RESISTANCE. John Brown, with his light, has done all he could for himself, for the slave, and for the country. Mr. Garrison never could have done what *he* has done . . . John Brown has opened the gates of the nation to let in the bridegroom and bride of the Future. We believe that LOVE is the mightiest scepter with which the world is to be reformed, though it seems, sometimes, as if it would not quite do the work of humanity. We believe the time has been, when nothing but force would do the work. We believe that there are yet people in the world so ignorant, or so wicked, as to need force to govern them. Yet, when man has attained the highest stage in progress, he adopts the true principle. Then John Brown will have grown to the same broad and high stature of manhood, and have become a truly glorified spirit. Peace to him! Peace in his cell! Peace to his soul! Rest to his aged head! Angels shall linger around and inspire the noble and devoted martyr.

O Father! make us earnest and devoted men and women, that we may aspire to that which is noblest, truest and best. Every step which we take in the ascending scale of progress accept to thy glory, and the glory of humanity. Praises to thee! For thou hast given thy spirit children a home, where Freedom, Justice and Love reign. Bless these thy earth children forever and ever.

#### REMARKS.

I believe in criticising all teachers, whether in the body or out; and while listening to the above beautiful Lecture, I saw one or two weak points in the spirits' theory.

They distinctly said that Non-Resistance was the highest and the truest doctrine; yet at the same time they stated that sometimes it seemed as though "*Love* would not quite do the work." They also said, that "the time has been, when nothing but force would do the work," and that people are yet "so ignorant, or wicked, as to need force to govern them." I would inquire if it would not be well to educate the ignorant?—to use the vast amount of money now expended in governing them, to enlighten them? The wealth which has been wasted in war would go a great way in elevating our poor, ignorant and distracted humanity. H. N. G.

#### Memories.

I am thinking, to-night, of my childhood's home; of the brook that glided merrily by our cottage door; of the dim old woods and mossy dells; of the vine-clad hills and flower-wreathed valleys. But dearer than all these is the remembrance of my beloved mother, and the household band of brothers and sisters. As I sit, and muse in the twilight, I seem to feel soft tiny arms about my neck, and warm kisses upon my aching forehead.

I remember how, one after another, they sickened and died, and what strange, mysterious thoughts swept through my brain as I saw them lying beneath the coffin lid! The green grass was springing for the first time upon my father's grave, when we were necessitated to leave our dear Cottage-home. I remember distinctly my mother's pale face, and the tears that wet her drooping eyelids, as she took her fatherless children by the hand, and went out into the cold world to meet its warring elements! I am thinking of the hour when she too died, and how hope almost fled, when this bright star went out from our home-circle. I knew not then that my mother's warm, loving heart, would still throb on in another sphere, or that her mild blue eyes would look tenderly down upon us, her desolate children.

Days, months and years have past, and I am listening to the wintry wind, as it sighs mournfully around our cottage-door. My thoughts reach out into the dim, uncertain future, when friends will gather around my bedside, and softly say, "She is dead." In imagination I hear the cautious footsteps, the low murmur of voices, and see them smoothe back the damp hair from my cold forehead. No harsh words are spoken now, for "*She is dead!*" This hour *must* come; and then may some loving angel take me by the hand, and bear me over the River, upon the mountain heights of the heavenly land.

H. N. G.

I am yet too young to learn that God is any respecter of persons.—JOHN BROWN

## Notices of the Times.

"FREE LOVE: or, a Philosophical Demonstration of the Non-Exclusive nature of Connubial Love," etc. By Austin Kent. Hopkinton: N. Y.

Obliged for the receipt of the above little volume, I shall endeavor, in the future, to make room for a few extracts, with brief comments. Meantime, I will say, I believe in free love as I believe in free speech, and would no sooner trammel the one than the other. Whoever would do so lacks faith in the potency of truth. I am not responsible, either for the extravagant speeches, or the extravagant loves, which may seem to result from the operation of the principle. I answer for *I*; and I come to an opposite conclusion, on one or two points, from the philosophic author of this book.

It seems to me that Nature, in her lower as well as higher orders, has settled the question against sexual promiscuity. *It is impossible*—or, if possible—*monstrous*! Though animal loves are brief, they are *exclusive* while they continue; so that the real question is, whether the progressive law, ascending to man, leads to longer or briefer love relations. And I aver, on this plane, that "love in freedom" does not lead, legitimately, to "promiscuity," though love in bondage does.

I commend the book to independent thinkers, and fearless inquirers, for the present.

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Theodore Parker's health is failing. It is doubtful whether he returns to America.

Gerrit Smith is recovering. He will wake to find the slave still in his chains!

Miss Emma Hardinge is now in New Orleans. She was zealously persecuted in Memphis, but ably defended herself.

The Legislature of Alabama have enacted that a \$500 fine be imposed on spiritual mediums for every exhibition they shall dare to hold in that State. O, Alabama!

THE HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL held an Exhibition at Milford, Mass. the 21st and 22d ult. The most prominent exercise was the admirable acting of a new and morally excellent Anti-Slavery Drama, written by the Principal, Wm. S. Haywood. We are glad to learn that the Exhibition will soon be repeated.

JOSHUA HUTCHINSON, accompanied by WALTER KIT-TREDGE, gave a Concert at our Dale, the 26th ult. We regard the moral and liberalizing effect of such inspired singing as theirs "better than preaching"—such as the world is now blessed with, at any rate. They go homeward from hence, and may the angels from "MELODIA" attend them!

CHRISTMAS was celebrated at Hopedale the 24th ult. Adin Ballou gave an opening address in the form of a Poem, the children sung and declaimed, the "sweet singers" above noticed and the Hopedale choir came in with their songs, the people had their recess and "lunch;" and then the Christmas Tree was exposed, with its clusters of grateful fruit (presents)—amounting, probably, to \$1500! in which the poor were remembered. A good example! Carried out freely, it would express our doctrine of communism in property.

On the 20th day of September, 1859, 22,000,000 of Russian serfs were emancipated.

The contemplated National Convention of Spiritualists will probably meet in June. Place of meeting not decided; probably Syracuse, or Auburn, N. Y.

Non-subscribers, receiving copies of the *RADICAL*, from this office, are invited to subscribe.

News-Agents, receiving copies, are desired to sell them at their customary per-centage.

### My Father.

Oh, my Father! when pale sorrow  
Broods in darkness o'er my soul,  
While from earth no light I borrow,  
And dark shadows round me roll—  
When the grave looks dark and fearful,  
And the storm is raging wild,  
While my gaze is sad and tearful—  
Father! hear thy weeping child.  
There are hours when funeral dirges  
Echo sadly through my soul,  
And dark ocean's solemn surges  
O'er my heaving bosom roll!  
Then, my Father! I will listen  
To thy voice, so rich in love,  
And will drink from that pure Fountain,  
Sparkling from its heights above.  
Darker clouds may hover o'er me,  
Sadder seasons be in store;  
Still, O Father! wilt thou love me,  
Wilt thou light my spirit o'er?—  
Light me through death's solemn portal,  
To that fairer, better shore,  
Where true love shall live immortal,  
And the spirit weeps no more.

H. N. G.

'A great man will not trample upon a worm nor cringe to an emperor.'



# DYSPEPTIC'S CORNER.

## Message from "Red Jacket,"

TO A LADY, MEDIUM OF MACON.

MY DEAR SQUAW: The great hunting grounds shall yield thee many fine deer. The flowers of the prairie shall yield fragrance; ah, my good squaw, the great Spirit will give thee *ecampun*; yes, much *ecampun*, when you go where the *braves* sing the songs of happiness. Gird on thy body the *bon* of *patience*; take in thy hand the *arrow* of *duty*; wear the moccasins of *love* for *humanity*; the robe of *charity* to throw on thy shoulders—suspend the *quiver* of *benevolence* by the *string* of *purity*, and let the *beads* of *spiritual chastity* hang from thy neck. Then, squaw, step out into the *hunting grounds* of *unbelief*, and thou shalt bring down all the *animals* of *doubt*, that pass before thee. Go on, dear squaw, the Great Spirit shall feed and sustain thee.

Thy friend,

"RED JACKET."

—Christian Spiritualist.

## Message from Lorenzo Dow.

TO A CIRCLE.

After sitting an hour without getting any manifestation, the circle became despondent from disappointment when a rap announced the presence of a spirit, who, among other things, gave the following:—

My good friends, don't look so down in the mouth. This is for the best, as you will see. Let us sometimes work for our own good, as well as for yours. So said the fish, please let us make ourselves fat as well as you. Mr. Fisherman. God works in a mysterious way, so be content and happy.

Your obedient,

L. Dow.

—Christian Spiritualist.

DRAWING OUT CHILDREN. Some persons pride themselves on drawing out the intelligence of children by their mode of putting questions to them. And occasionally I have seen this well done; more frequently, very absurdly. The following is a specimen of a style of examination which I have myself more than once witnessed:

"Whal, deer cheldrun, what is it that swallowed Jonah? Was it a sh-sh-sh-sh-shark?"

"Yahs!" roar a host of voices.

"Noa, deer cheldrun, it was not a shark. Then was it an al-al-al-alligator?"

"Yahs!" exclaim the voices again.

"Noa, deer cheldrun, it was not an alligator. Then was it a wh-wh-wh-whale?"

"Noa!" roar the voices, determined to be right this time.

"Yahs, deer cheldrun, it was a whale."—*Frazer's Magazine*.

What are the two smallest animals mentioned in the Bible? The widow's mite, and the wicked flea (*flea*).

Doctor.—"John, did Mrs Green get the medicine I ordered?"

Druggist's Clerk.—"I guess so, for I saw crape on the door this morning."

It is announced as a certain sign of Indian civilization that the Cherokees have a debt and cannot pay the interest on it.

TIMELY CONSIDERATION. "I once knew," said Parson M., "a widow lady in Scotland who had an only son. Upon him she had expended much to enable him to acquire an education. He was absent from home for a long while attending school. Having completed his course of studies, he returned to his good old mother.

"Come, John," said she, on the night of his arrival home, and when they were about making preparations to retire, 'you've been a long time away from me, my son, and have studied much. I know ye are a good lad, but I have never heard ye pray. Try it, John; for ye surely must now know how, with all the learning ye have got.'

"Accordingly John complied—made a long, humble, and, as he supposed, satisfactory acknowledgment of his sins and general unworthiness, and of his great indebtedness to his Maker.

"Well, mother," says John, 'how did it suit ye?'

"Pretty well—pretty well, John," replied the old lady; 'but *why* didna ye gie the old de'il a slap or two?'

"Ah!" says John, 'not I—not I; for you know, mither, there's none of us *knows*, whose hands we may some time fall into!'

LORENZO DOW ON BAD THOUGHTS. Somebody once said to Lorenzo Dow, who was a very eccentric strolling preacher: "Mr. Dow, I don't know what to do. Bad thoughts trouble me very much. They come into my head, and I don't know how to keep them out. How can I help doing wrong, if it is wrong to have bad thoughts?"

Mr. D. replied: "We can't stop birds from flying over our heads, but we can keep them from building nests in our hair. Do you ask: 'How can you drive these thoughts, and keep them from making their nests in your mind?' Why, just as we exclude thistles from the lands, by putting in so much good seed that there is no room left for them to grow. Keep the mind busy with something innocent and useful, and leave no place for the intruder."

SOME one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind.—"Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass: the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can—it's a human privilege."

In a discussion at an agricultural club, a wag recommended the farmers to put snuff on their corn, so as to make the crows sneeze, and then to shoot the sneezing ones as the rogues.

Two gentlemen, who were friends, happened into our office the other day, and just as one of them was leaving, he turned to his friend, who was a great infidel, and said:

"When shall I see you again?"

"I don't know as ever," was the cool reply.

"Well, do you care?" asked the first speaker.

"I am unconcerned about it," said the other, leaning back in his chair with the air of a man who is well satisfied with himself; "I have no anxiety about my future one way or another; have you?"

"Why, no!" was the prompt reply, "I don't care anything about your future."—*Type of the Times*.

"Pa," observed a young urchin of tender years to his "fond parent," "does the Lord know everything?" "Yes, my son," replied the hopeful sire; "but why do you ask that question?" "Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling him everything, I thought he wasn't posted." A sad commentary upon the doctrine of the omniscience of Deity, say we.

'We open the hearts of others when we open our own.'



The following song was composed for the Thwing Family, and sung at their annual thanksgiving festival, held at Mr. George Draper's, Hopedale, Mass., Nov. 1859.

### Thanksgiving Offering.

Heavenly Father! bless us, cheer us,

On this happy, festal day;

Let thy genial, loving spirit

Softly o'er our heart-strings play.

We would bless thee, oh! our Father,

For the love-tones, soft and clear,—

For glad voices rich in music,

Which to-day fall on our ear.

Springtime, with its buds and beauty,

Hath merged into Summer's bloom;

Now the Autumn winds sigh sadly

O'er each floweret's lowly tomb.

We remember nights of sorrow,

When our cherished ones took flight,

When our children, and our mother,

Sweetly bade us all "good night."

But, we know that they are near us,

Very near this festal band;

And their tender eyes are beaming

On us from the Spirit Land!

And we know that 'mid life's billows

Beauteous forms are by our side;

That, unseen, they glide about us,

Rolling back the angry tide.

From the starry heights of beauty,

Father, send thy cheering ray;

Let thy loving, guardian angels

Lead us in the heavenly way.

Help us to be kind and faithful,

More like those who dwell above;

Then can we unite in singing

Praises to thee, God of Love.

H. N. G.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature, give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligence."

[For the Radical Spiritualist.]

### The Slave-Mother's Prayer.

BY MRS. ABBIE G. COMSTOCK.

"O! save my darling! spare my son!

Thou man of iron heart;

Give me my last—my only one,—

We will not, cannot part!

"Thou wilt not dare to do this wrong,

This cruel wrong to one,

Who, through the weary years and long,

Has toiled for thee alone—

"Thou wilt not dare"—her heart grew cold!

The fiendish deed was done;

A father, for the rich man's gold,

Bartered his dark browed son;

And Christian men stood jeering by,

Mocking that mother's prayer;

And silv'ry laughter floated high

Upon the ambient air.

There stood the slave; the crimson tide

Athwart his dark cheek flashed;

And from his burning eyes with pride,

The tears he quickly dashed.

"Be patient, mother; let them laugh;

I WILL NOT DIE A SLAVE!

That bitter cup no more I'll quaff,—

I'll go to HIM who gave."

Like some frail sapling of the wood,

By sudden tempest felled—

He dropped, and then the purple flood

Up from his crushed heart welled!

The mother watched the fading glow

Of his dark, half-closed eye;

She wiped the death-damp from his brow,

And yet she breathed no sigh!

She kissed the cold lips of her dead,

And then, on bended knee.

With tearless eyes, she calmly said,—

"Thank God!—my boy is FREE!"

New York, Dec. '59.

A SCENE IN NEW YORK.—The Tribune reports a sad scene in that city. A policeman heard the cries of children in Warren street, and entering a miserable shanty, found on a bed of straw the dead body of a woman, while her three small children were crying around her as if their little hearts would break. The youngest could not comprehend the great mystery of death, and their appeals to the dead mother were piteously pathetic. The father was an inmate of the penitentiary. The room indicated the extremest poverty. The occurrence of a scene like this in the heart of a great Christian city, with six hundreds of costly churches and its numerous foreign missionary societies, is a sad comment on modern society.—Woonsocket Patriot

'Go slowly to the entertainments of thy friends, but quickly to their misfortunes.'